

Common f/ Kanye West

"Southside"

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La, la, la, la, la - and e'rybody say
La, la, la, la, la - I know you, I know you...

I know you're thinking, thinking that it must be
I'm a raw flow cause it never get rusty
I aint gotta say it, man dawg trust me
Bust somebody head, T.L.C. where was we?
Still rock the prada 'fore that, rock the Starter
Niggas out in Georgetown, and Magic way harder
Thinking back to the projects, and they way they tore
'em all up
Like when I do a project, and come back and tear the
mall up

[Chorus]

We coming from the..
South (side), South (side)
South (side), South (side)
South (side), South (side)
South (side), Side of the Chi

The broads, the cars, the half moon, the stars
I'm like Jeff Fort the way I get behind bars
Burn cd's with no regard for the stars
Come to the grip with conflict, diamonds and the arts
Back in '94 they call me Chi-town's Nas
Now them niggas know I'm one of Chi-town's gods
We even yo, you're still talking no cause
A conscious nigga with mac like Steven Jobs

[Chorus]

Your fly is open, McFly
The crowd is open I think I know why
I'm back from the future seen it with my own eyes
And yep, I'm still the future of the Chi
Back in college I had to get my back up off the futon
I knew that I couldn't cop a coup with no coupons
Look at that neutron on his green like two dimes
People asking him, "Do you have any grey poupon?"

[Chorus]

You in the building but the buildings falling
You wouldn't be ballin' if your name is Baldwin
My mind get flooded I think about New Orleans
Back in school, ya'll niggas you should call in August
Summer sun it goes down but I'm still revolving
Southside 'bout to walk it out, I still get crawling
If rap was Harlem, I be James Baldwin
With money in the bank like G. Rap, we're calling

[Chorus]

With niggas masked up like Phantom of the Opera
Dreaming of the day they push a phantom to the
operas
Can't wait till they say, "Yeah, he ran up at the Oscars."
Poppa, I heard his life is like a movie
Like when Em' played him and Mekhi played a rasta
Mexican don't love it like it was for La Raza
But this is for the mobsters, Holla
We some true chi-town legends, accept no imposters

[Chorus]

Uh, the un-American idol, tower like the Eiffel
Lean wit it, rock wit it, back like the disciples
Know when to use a bible, and when to use a rifle
You rap like you should be on the back of a motorcycle
Caught a case of robbery, and 'Beat It' like Michael
Your career is a typo, mine was written like a haiku
I write to 'Do the Right Thing' like Spike do
Do crime fixed is crucial and trauma is psycho

[Chorus]

La, la, la, la, la, la, la-la
La, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la
We're coming from the...Hey!
scratches.. spice it up (la, la , la..)
Ya might have to spice it up
Spice it up, spice it up,
Take your life and...
Yo, we're coming from the...Hey!
We're coming from the...Hey!

...and this concludes our Chicago show
Please stay tuned

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